

RESTORATION

Vol. I.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—OCTOBER, 1948

No. 10.

THIS ROLLING MOSS GATHERS NO STONES

This is the story of the Reverend William Moss of Kenora, Ontario, Canada. It is told in gasps.

Fifty years ago, when he was a lad of eight, in Lancashire, in the north of England, he attended the Church of England. When he came to Canada, in 1912, he went to work ranching in Saskatchewan. Near the ranch, he met the village school teacher, and found time to take her horse-back riding.

On one of their rides together she told him something about her Roman Catholic religion, how beautiful she thought it was, and how very, very beautiful it is when people who belong to it really live up to it every minute of the day—in little things as well as in the bigger and more important matters. That impressed Bill Moss. Seriously, he set about to study the religion.

Death of His Bride

Came the day when he was baptized in the Catholic Church. The next day—it was the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows—he married the little teacher. That was in 1918; and, although he had volunteered years before for active service in the War, he was not called up. So he settled down—to “live happily ever after.”

But... with Saint Augustine, how “inscrutable are the Ways of the Lord!” It was in the influenza epidemic that swept the whole world in 1918 that young Mrs. Moss—the lovely bride of only four months—became ill.

“In all my life,” she used to say, “I have never known what it is to be ill!”

In December of 1918 she died.

Moss's favorite brother, a naval surgeon throughout the War, established himself in Harley Street, London, and became a specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat.

On a holiday trip, he went to Gibraltar to witness a naval display. He had only arrived when his car crashed into a fast-moving train. He and all of his party were killed.

Death of The World

Bill Moss saw “life's transience” and all it meant to anyone who might like to put “too much store by it.” So he sold his interest in the ranch—the best of its kind in the whole province of Saskatchewan—went to Lachine, Que., to enter the Noviciate of the Oblate Fathers and from there went to Edmonton, Alta., to study for the priesthood.

While working a tractor there one day he was over-

come by monoxide gas fumes. The last rites of the Church were administered. Then, as so frequently happens, he recovered—his robust health in no way impaired by the harrowing experience. In 1930, he was ordained Priest and became an Oblate Missionary.

He had been a Roman Catholic only twelve years and had received ALL the Sacraments!

It was in 1935 that Father Moss, O.M.I., 45 years old, arrived at Kenora. He had been appointed the new assistant priest at the Church of Notre Dame, and Missionary to the Lake of the Woods district.

Kenora is situated in Lake of the Woods region. Hundreds of fairy-like, charming, little islands dot the lakes. People live on those islands—remote from a church of any denomination. At least they were remote.

Father Moss took a census. What a fertile breeding-ground he found for the deadly reptile, Communism! What was he to do? He had no means, no voluntary helpers. Through the CATHOLIC RECORD he made his first appeal for help.

Call for Volunteers

One year later he saw the first fruit of his prayers, determination, and hard work—the Chapel of Our Lady, Help of Christians, at Melick, Ontario, built, completely furnished, and blessed!

The following year there came into existence, in the same way, the beautiful log chapel of the Sacred Heart at Sioux Narrows, Ontario, so well known now to American tourists.

“In it,” a travel-worn American remarked one day, “I have found a peace so beautiful I can't describe it. I have never found the same peace in any other place on earth!”

One year more elapsed and saw the completion of another chapel of the Sacred Heart, this time at French Portage, Ontario—miles away from Kenora!

He Multiplies Himself

The Bishop of the diocese of Saint Boniface in Manitoba, apparently wondering how much Father Moss “could take,” brought to his attention the missions of Redditt and Quibel—forty and sixty miles away. These were in sad need of repair; and both, in their remoteness and loneliness, were crying for regular visits from a priest.

Today Redditt and Quibel are in repair, and in use. They were renovated largely by revenues obtained from

On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

“Trust no one, son, is my advice to you. Keep your business to yourself. Let not the left hand know what the right is doing. Suspect everybody until you are sure, and then keep a weather eye open. The world around you is one great camp of crooks, from the city slicker to your nearest neighbor... Ha! Ha! I know them all... I have been brought up in the school of hard knocks.”

Thus the aging rural father, the lord and master of a hundred acres, communicates to posterity the germ of hate and the sputum of hell—And he is a so-called good Christian. He

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One heart and one soul

sales of old postage stamps! And they have fortnightly visits from Father Moss. Redditt has a newly-built rectory—“The rectoryette,” Father Moss dubs it. At Quibel, there is a new sacristy room, built on to the church, where the priest can stay. This year saw the erection, furnishing, and blessing of Father Moss's latest edifice, the Chapel of Our Lady of Fatima, at Willard Lake, Ontario.

Father Moss goes about now, visiting, distributing used clothing (the need is very great), distributing used Catholic newspapers (the need is also great); teaching Catechism; preparing classes for Confirmation; and offering the Holy Sacrifice every day in some one of his little missions, where thirteen years ago he had been forced to say Mass on the kitchen table of some poor fisherman's home!

Doherty Chicago Bound With Wife and Nurse

By Barrie Vannon

By the time this paper is published, Eddie Doherty will be in a hospital in Chicago.

If that seems a very unimportant item to put on the front page of a newspaper—and we know it is—don't blame me. I'm just obeying orders, writing this piece. When you work for an editor, you do what he says.

There was a hole on the front page big enough to drive an ox-cart through. This is the ox-cart—which is why you do not see the hole. This is the ox-cart, and the editor rides in it, to his nice cool cot in the Mercy or the Swedish Covenant.

If I protested with the fat-headed boss of Restoration, about writing this bit for Page 1, I didn't have a chance to win. And furthermore, I knew it.

“Look, lug,” Doherty said, “there are thousands of nice people all over Canada and the United States who have been praying for me ever since they heard of my infarcted heart. They have been making Novenas for me. They have had Masses said for me. A lot of them still think I am dying—or just wasting away on a bed of pain. Those people would like to know that their prayers have helped me tremendously—may have worked a miracle for me. So write me a nice piece about it, and we'll plug up that hole in the dummy.”

Danger. Man at Work

The editor, I must admit, has improved a lot—at least in his health. He doesn't sleep nearly so much these days. He is able to work two, or even three hours, at his typewriter. He hopes to finish the novel he began last year—and which his doctor forbade him to touch. It had been lying in a drawer for months, gathering dust.

When he was taken to the hospital in Pembroke last February, the doctors examined him thoroughly. They said he had a coronary thrombosis. They said he must rest all year. He must lie down. He must be pampered, coddled, waited upon, kept happy by all the women of the household. He must never be crossed, whatever his whims might be. Everybody must kowtow to him, serve him, yes him, kiss his hand, jump to obey his slightest command. He could have three cigarettes. No more. And he must have plenty of fine whisky—for his poor infarcted heart.

The word got out. Novena Notes—a pamphlet put out by the Servites in Chicago and read by millions of Catholics—printed a story a-

bout him. Letters came to him from all over the Christian world. Some had “get-well” cards in them. Some had subscriptions for Restoration. One was filled with Christian Science propaganda. Thousands of people sent their sympathy, their affection, their good wishes, and their prayers.

Back to the Hay Again

So he staggered to his feet one day, shouted, “Enough of this nonsense; I am being babied to death,” tried to do a little work. Then he went to bed again.

Another doctor came to



see him, a famous physician from the U.S. who had come to Combermere to operate on fish. He too made a thorough examination.

“Heart my foot,” he said, or words to that effect, “it's your gall bladder and your liver. No fats for you. No butter. No radishes. No whisky. Nothing the least alcoholic. And not more than ten cigarettes a day.”

The editor went on a diet of no fats, no fun, no fooling. He lost ten pounds in a hurry; and his nurse was alarmed at that.

“So,” said she, “we'll go to Chicago. We'll put you in a hospital there. We'll call in our old friend Dr. George Procopie—Bishop Sheil's doctor—and let him have a Roman holiday looking at your insides. If there is a doctor on earth who can tell exactly what is wrong with you, that man is Procopie.”

“Yes, My Dear,” He Says

The Laird of Madonna House, the pompous, petted, pot-bellied, pigeon-toed, puffed-up, product of Chicago, looked at his wife and nurse with lofty scorn. She trembled, waiting for his answer. “Yes,” he said. “Yes, my dear, we'll go.”

“But can you stand the trip?” she asked. The editor put on his martyr look, and said that he could try.

“I'll go,” he said, “if you'll let me drive.”

“Drive to Chicago?” the woman all but screamed, “do you want to die?”

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RESTORATION

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Canada

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Poverty . . . Chastity . . . Obedience . . . The holy three. The best and most efficient short-cut to heaven. How we have neglected them! We have relegated them in our minds to the most airless dark corners, assuring ourselves that they belonged to those strange and especially selected people, priests, nuns, and brothers. These had a call from God Himself to practise those virtues.

Because things put away in the dark corners of our minds are soon forgotten, these gracious signposts of the shortest route to God have never been allowed to enter our souls or hearts. They have never been warmed by love, thoughtful understanding, or our interest.

What a pity! True, under vows, the Holy Three do belong especially to the chosen few of God. But they are also the property of all who trudge so slowly, rest so often, on the Royal Road.

How much easier would that ascent of ours be, how much more gay, gallant and joyous, were we to make Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience our companions on that heavenly journey. How much closer would be our appointed goal! How much lighter our step!

Our Lady Poverty. The beautiful one we should desire so greatly because She is God's beloved! She greeted Him in Bethlehem, lived with Him in Nazareth, and walked with Him through all His public ministry. She hung with Him on the cross.

Should we fall in love with Her—how happy and simple would our lives become. Oh we should live according to the state of life allotted to us by the Lord Himself. We would have such possessions as accompanied that state. But we would not be attached to them. Nor would we despair if He were to take them from us. We would be FREE—from worry and from being slaves to our possessions. We would know how to use them for the greater glory of the Lord and for the common good of ourselves and our fellow men.

Clearly and always, we would realize WE ARE BUT STEWARDS OF OUR GOODS, and God alone is the owner thereof. This realization, believe it or not, would have deep and lasting social, political, and spiritual repercussions; and it would, more than any other act of ours, bring to the world the very crux of our faith. It would serve as a light standing on a mountain top to illuminate the hearts of many and lead them back to God.

It would be, too, one of the most potent weapons against Communism ever devised. For all the complicated Red theories of society would fall dead and flat before a Christian world that put possessions and ownership where they belonged—FOR USE . . . FOR THE COMMON GOOD . . . FOR GOD.

All this would come about if we looked at Poverty, the first of the Holy Three, with eyes of faith and love, and asked Her to be our companion on the road to God.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The blue jay screams and the black crow caws. The pumpkin by the pig pen puts on weight, and yearns for the frost that will give it a vivid beauty. The wild ducks on the river grow in size—like the fish that daily get away.

One fisherman tells of a giant pike he almost caught. The monster was brought to the side of the boat, after a terrific struggle. Then he leaped up and bit the line in two, and swam away.

Another follower of St. Peter swears the same fish—or one perhaps a little bigger—came into view just as a nice fat pickerel was readying for the gaff. He swallowed the pickerel and ran.

The trees are turning from the life of the summer world; each trying to outshine the other in her autumn outfit. The air has a tang to it we have not felt since April; and the mornings are chill.

October has come—to remind us that all things change and all things die.

Memories That Bless

Yet in the memory of a man sitting at a typewriter—and gazing at the slate gray river and the gray-blue sky—there are many things that do not change; nor need the frost to give them beauty.

It is a memory of young men and women who came to Madonna House in the Spring and Summer months—to live here for a time, to work, to ask questions, and to get the feel of Catholic action and the rural apostolate.

They took the wood from the field, near the raspberry brambles, and brought it in the wheelbarrow—or in their arms—to the new wood shed we had built and painted green. They worked all day, and sometimes late in the afternoon.

I had a letter from one of them later who told me how good it was to walk erect once more—and without a wheelbarrow.

They Un-planted Too

They brought heavy blocks of ice from the house across the road. They drove the car on a thousand different errands. They cut the hay and raked it into piles, and then into one big pile. They dug the earth and mixed it with manure. They planted. They "un-planted"—especially the potatoes. They helped get the 1700 letters mailed to the Outer Circle. That means they folded the letters, stuffed them into the envelopes, wrote the addresses by hand, licked the stamps, and slapped them into place with the hammer of a fist. They helped to mail the hundreds of copies of Restoration. They picked berries. They picked apples. They walked to the post-office, a mile away, and brought home armloads of mail. They canned. They scrubbed. They filed. They typed. They even helped, sometimes, to cook the noon or evening meals. And so on and so on and so on. They worked!

But the memory the frost will not kill is the memory of them as they sat in the living-room after Compline, and talked of God and the Church. There was such hunger in them, such eagerness to learn all the techniques of Catholic action Catherine could present for

their consideration and their study.

Vacation Pay—One Truth

There was, for instance, a boy not yet twenty. He was working his way through a Catholic college. It had been his custom to hire out for the summer vacations, to work as a waiter in a swank resort, a clerk in a big city bank, a field hand on somebody's farm—anything that would pay him decently for his labor. He gave us his entire vacation—not for pay, but for what he could find out about his religion.

He wanted to be more than the average Catholic. He wanted to do something for God, but didn't know what to do. He said he felt content at learning that one must "be" before he "does." One must be a lover of God before he works for God. One must be a real Catholic before he attempts any kind of Catholic action.

That simple truth, he thought, was reward for all the tasks he had completed.

He hitch-hiked home toward the beginning of September.

Night after night, a man with an infarcted heart looked, from his cot near the window, at the young faces in the lamp light. They were, he felt, the faces of young people who wanted to be saints. He marveled. He never ceases to marvel that there are such people in the world.



Hunger and Ignorance

Combermere is one of the most beautiful regions on the earth. It is lovely even on a gray chill day. But the young men and the young women who came here from all parts of the United States and Canada during the Spring and Summer and Fall, gave the place a lustre that approached the supernatural.

It is good to live with saints, even with novice saints. It is difficult though, at times to realize these kids possess such unusual sanctity; they are so full of laughter. Yet, is not real laughter often an indication of real sanctity? And they are ignorant of so many things a boy or girl must know to become a saint.

Thank God that Madonna House attracts this type of Catholic.

Let the leaves fall, dying in their autumn glory. Let the calm surface of the river roughen. Let the winter come. Let the winds howl—if they will. In the sitting room of Madonna House, in the twilight or the velvet dark of night, after Compline, there will always be a touch of eager, jealous, God-hungry Spring.

The B's Corner

I have been travelling again. This time to London, Ontario—to St. Peter's Seminary—where a "Social Week" on Catholic Action was held.

It was a great privilege to be there, and greater still to be one of the speakers. It was wonderful to listen and learn from others; and it was both consoling and encouraging to see these earnest young men, our priests of tomorrow, preparing themselves to direct the laity in Catholic Action, the Church's most effective answer to all the problems of our tragic times.

From all speakers came the clear and unmistakable assertion that Communism was the main foe to deal with. Just as clearly it was shown that it was the child of many heresies, those of the past centuries and of ours; and that these heresies too had to be taken into consideration—secularism, modern paganism, and nationalism.

A Program Indeed

If one were to sum up the "week" it would become crystal clear that the true, answer to all the above evils, and to a resoration of the world in Christ, is CATHOLICISM LIVED. That is PROGRAM enough. To make every Catholic live his faith permeating not only individuals but institutions as well, is the real task ahead of us.

How hard a program this is, we learned at the outset. Strange as it may seem it necessitates a complete revolution, a return to primitive Christianity which must embrace—infiltrate into, and adapt itself to—the complexities of our atomic age. What cooperation with grace it demands from priest and laity alike! What a cleansing of minds, hearts and souls! How deep are the roots of complacency, indifference, and human respect it must uproot!

The task seems well nigh impossible, and yet all things are possible in Christ. That too became evident during that blessed week.

Human respect, to me, became one of the main evils to deal with, as I listened to the many wonderful speakers. We Catholics are more conscious of the opinion of men, our neighbors, than of the opinion of God. We worry a thousand times more about what these neighbors will say than about anything else in the world.

Neighbors May Laugh

It is high time we should examine our consciences on this point. For this fear of ours literally kills our souls. Is there a job of work to be done for God, right at our doorstep? Are we doing it? No. Because we are afraid, mortally afraid, of being "different." Our neighbors may laugh at us, or criticize us.

It seems as if our greatest desire is to be standardized, to look, to be, to act LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE. I leave to your imagination, and you will not need much of it, to discover what such an attitude does to the re-Christianizing of the world. How can we Catholics be like the world, and yet change it into the likeness of Christ? Surely this is impossible.

Moreover the Lord Himself pointed out that the

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The accent is still on "NURSE." In the last issue I asked for a nurse, registered, Catholic, to come and work here in Combermere, for the love of God, as a Staff Worker of Friendship House. She will get her room, board . . . and second hand clothing in good condition. We all do! She will be looked after if she is sick . . . but that is all we can promise . . . plus PLENTY OF WORK. Surely there is a young Catholic nurse to be found in Canada or the U.S.A., who will catch the vision of this Lay Apostolate of ours, and come to nurse Christ in the sick . . . just for love of Him and them!

God bless our good friends. The fifty dollars for the hen coop is at hand, and now we can have our chickens and eggs . . . Deo Gratias. But beggars cannot stop begging. I know you will, perhaps, in months to come, avoid this column of mine. For always it will speak of needs . . . yet how else can we live? We have given all we have—our lives—to this glorious work of God. For the rest, we must beg. This month it is for wood. It takes one hundred and sixty dollars to get the wood we need here for the whole long winter . . . yes, that's a lot of wood . . . because the median temperature is 22 below zero. The house is big, with a furnace, a fireplace, and a kitchen stove to fill. THANK YOU.

Is there anyone who would like to adopt a young child for Christmas? If so, please write to us, or simply send us a toy, some candies, a scarf, mittens, a sweater . . . or any other piece of clothing. We have five hundred children this year, that we hope to give the happiest Christmas of their lives . . . four hundred more than last year. Their ages range from six months to sixteen years. They are both boys and girls. The older ones are just as eager as the youngest. Please remember us on this joyous feast. We will send you specifications about

"your" boy or girl, if you write, c/o Restoration.

People still wonder what is there to do here in Combermere. And we wonder where we could find the space to tell you all there is to be done. Just now we are so busy with canning, and getting other fruits of our labor organized for the winter.

We have many quarts of preserves. The vegetable garden yielded plenty, the wild bush more . . . strawberries, raspberries, blueberries. The honey is good too. The two little hives will give about 100 pounds. I have everything ready now for our handicraft center to be . . . but if you have old felt hats you do not want anymore, please send them to us. We can make many things with them, as well as with rags and old stockings.

October will see the renewal of our club work. The Sacred Heart Women's Guild is even now making things for our Church Bazaar. There is a well-integrated program being planned for it. The Red Cross Chapter is also busy organizing for the cold months to come. We will be sewing layettes, collecting wool scraps (have you any to spare?) to be made into much-needed blankets. The Teen Agers, we hope, will organize too, and have that monthly dance at Madonna House they have been dreaming about. The kids will restart their monthly story hour, with hot chocolate, and games, and the home-made cookies they took to so well last year.

The library will take a new lease on life, with the harvest in, and the long evenings close at hand. Restoration, we confidently expect, will continue to grow. (How about asking your friends to subscribe?) Lecturing will start, and writing will continue . . . and cooking, sewing, mending, cleaning, washing, etc., etc.

Oh yes . . . there is much to do in Friendship House, Combermere . . . and there are still too few of us to do it.

TUMBLEWEED

by Father Henry Carr

(Tumbleweed, by Eddie Doherty, Bruce, 203 pages, \$2.75)

No man is a prophet in his own country. This is one of the ways of expressing a constantly recurring truth, that one finds difficulty in appreciating another's stature when he stands too close.

For many years now the Baroness de Hueck has been one of the best known women in America, particularly in Catholic circles. Once the spirit of Christ struck her down at Graymoor, almost like St. Paul at Damascus, she gave herself without reservation to the Apostolate of Catholic Action.

Nothing touched or interested her but the good of souls. (Her love for her son interfered in no way with this.) Her special work was among the poor and destitute, the most destitute, the homeless. Through the Friendship Houses she became well-known to many large circles of people. This had to be.

The work brought her all over the country, and there was that something about

her which made her stand out in any company. It was impossible for anyone to forget her, if he met her once. She could not help becoming well-known. In any company, of men or women, or both, she dominated the interest. Brilliant public speaking and able writing completed the work of making the Baroness, Catherine Doherty, a leader in Catholic America.

It was not all warmth and sunshine. Often, nearly always, the going was heavy and hard. Friends sometimes caught glimpses of the dark hours, the heart-burnings. Only she herself knew the full extent and intensity.

Because so many saw her, heard her, met her, talked with her, they could not project her, as it were, away from themselves, far enough away to place her on a world map, and even more than that, on the canvas of history. They could not possibly realize what an extraordinary woman she is.

If anyone read a book like

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ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page One)

sows the seed of degradation in a younger generation. He assists in the spread of the spirit of mistrust, the world's most powerful "solvent of international accord."

A Forked Tail

There is no peace or friendliness amongst nations because the Christ-like spirit of trust is absent. The one-time goodwill, hospitality, and charity of rural communities have disappeared (merely a shadow left) and have been replaced by the hellish, harsh, and hateful attitude of mistrust.

Distrust is born of hate. She rides a dragon with a forked tail, and spurs her on to more venomous hating.

When one withdraws all confidence from and trust in his neighbor, his next move is to gallop rough-shod over that neighbor. He will squeeze him, fleece him, drain him dry. He will work with the method of the pugilist, by getting in the telling blow first. "Get him before he gets you." He will scrape and scrape the sore spot until it bleeds. He will brush to the breaking point an already threadbare friendship.

Competitions, quarrels, jealousies, envies—a host of festering sores—break out in the community, from the infernal sources of distrust. True Christian virtues, like honesty, justice and co-operation, are out of the question when distrust stalks through the life of any community.

ST. TIMOTHY & ST. PAUL



"Let Us Have War!"

The nations of the earth, at the moment, have a deep-seated mistrust for Soviet Russia and her far-flung tentacles of international Communism. And good reason for it. But this mistrust hangs on a suspicious terror. People are uneasy, and skeptical of any peace move. Then the fatalistic attitude gets around. "Why not wipe them off the face of the earth? Violence must be met by violence! The only way out is war." People forget so easily that nothing was solved by the last two wars. The already sombre hue of chaos was further darkened, that is all.

Place this world picture or view in miniature in any of our rural communities, and what have you? Distrust of one individual for others.

Suspicious fear grips the imagination. Irritation turns to anger and anger into violence—into harsh, hard, unjust treatment of others. Moves and counter-moves, to crush the other fellow or suck away his very life

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MADAWASKA

By Catherine Doherty

The hills are tall, and covered with virgin pine many years old. The river is broad and overflowing its banks—making sanctuaries for birds and fish. And the little village that bears the river's name has grown slowly during the last century.

At first it was but a lumber camp. Lusty stories of its days are still being told around camp fires. Then it became a railroad center, for it was the end of the short line built by one of Canada's most ruthless and glamorous figures—Booth, the lumber pioneer.

Today the lumber has been cut, and the railroad cars turn right around and go back to Ottawa, where they came from, all in a day. The line is too busy carrying freight to the many cities, towns, and villages that have grown up along its right of way, and too busy with carrying passengers to spend much time in Madawaska.

The village has shrunk but not its spirit. It is still fighting for survival.

If it achieves this, it will owe much to the help of the Reverend Father William Dwyer, a man who never says "die." An interesting figure, Father Bill. Tall. Angular. Powerful. A native of these parts. With a big head that bespeaks intelligence and strong will. He is the Rural Director of the Pembroke Diocese in which Madawaska is located. A pioneer in Co-ops and Credit Unions. The type that will die fighting.

Nothing daunts him. He keeps on, like the hills and the river, the backdrop of his village.

Lately his patience has been rewarded, and it is only the beginning. Through some articles we wrote for St. Joseph's Magazine, published by the good Benedictines of Mount Angel, Oregon, two families from that neighborhood, interested in the back-to-the-land movement, decided to crystallize their interest and sink their roots somewhere far away from radios, movies, advertising, big cities, and all that goes with them.

Their choice fell on MADAWASKA, and a good choice it was. Father Bill Dwyer was just the one to help them over the rough spots in this big change. His lovely Church, and modern school (the most modern rural school in the Province) were there to serve them.

One family is already there, working, and planning to buy land and build themselves a house. The other is coming soon. Both are blessed with many children.

There are others who are interested, and we think it won't be long before the Village of Madawaska will be as thriving, as lusty, and as gay, as it was in the days of the lumberjacks. Only this time it will be a constructive growth, a growth in the Lord.

Father has great plans, and many, many ideas. If there are other families interested in settling on the land, why not write him? Fr. W. C. Dwyer, Madawaska, Ont., Canada.

He has one cloud on his horizon. And that really worries him. It is to get a teacher for his thirty-nine children. We thought of

many of our young friends who went to Grailville, and others who passed through the Catholic Worker and Friendship House, and who are even now dreaming of the Rural Apostolate!

What an opportunity this would be, to teach and work for a man like Father Bill. If there are two girls who would like to come together, Father will take them both. One will teach, the other do social work. The pay is small . . . for Father's Parish and Father himself, like Christ, are poor. But I know that the young folks in the lay apostolates we mentioned are more interested in souls than in money.

Madawaska calling . . . SOS . . . Madawaska calling . . . The Lord is calling . . . for laborers in His forgotten vineyard!

Who will answer?

Youths Forgotten

With fives of joy, with spear and drum, Youths march to the martyrdom.

Pebbles fill the mouths of the dead:

These who were in pain begotten,

That were so hopeful and are forgotten.

The wheel of Time unspools its silken tapestry that has so much to say.

Come now what may, Of those who pass none roll the stone away

Where greyness lies like dust on tomb and man

Who broke like straw before a Genghis Khan.

—Scharmel Iris

CHICAGO BOUND

(Continued from Page One)

He tried to soothe her with sweet words.

"Darling," he said, "I'll drive slowly. I promise I won't go over eighty miles an hour on the highways, and not more than forty through the towns."

He Drives In His Sleep

So the woman will drive; and the editor will sit beside her, and look at the traffic, and sleep, and wake up suddenly—at times—to jam both feet against an imaginary clutch and an imaginary brake—and mildly volunteer to drive a little way.

There will be no eighty-miles-an-hour stretches, and the drive will take four days, and maybe five. Two hundred miles a day. Or less. The car will stop in the evening. There will be a long rest over night. There will be no early get-away, the next morning. They will travel in leisure, if not in luxury. There will be no hurrying whatsoever—says the editor's wife and nurse.

Doherty is still the squawman, I must report. He still lets everybody wait on him. There are still some days when he doesn't feel able to lift a pencil, or to hold up a newspaper that has more than twenty pages in it. But he feels that he could drive that car all the way—if he were permitted to do so. And he thinks that Dr. Procopie may have good news for him; and for all the people who wrote to him when they heard of his infarction.

However he wants to finish the novel, "Day of Terror," before he leaves for Chicago. Because, he explains, "you never can tell what will happen."

THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

world, of which we want to be part and parcel, is the enemy we must combat all our lives. We must not merge with it, nor imitate it. We must fight it, keep aloof from it, we must be in the world, but not of it.

I remember a Catholic who used to reprove me for "making myself conspicuous" by talking about God and the things of God, to our fellow workers, during our luncheon hour. Could there be a better topic of conversation than the Lord? For breakfast, lunch, dinner . . . for anytime? If so, I would like to know what it is.

A Worried Mamma

A mother once came to me, worried about the reputation of her daughter who had joined our Friendship House apostolate in the U.S.A. and was working on the restoration of Interracial Justice. She said that since this meant working for and with Negroes, her neighbors all were calling her daughter names.

How deeply human respect had eaten into the heart of that poor woman! It had made her blind to the glorious fact that her daughter was giving her life to Christ in the Negro, restoring—or at least trying to—that lost portion of God's Vineyard to Him, and that her eternal destiny would be of the most glorious. None of this mattered. Only the opinion of a few ignorant, poor neighbors, who should have been enlightened by her, meant anything to her.

The examples are so many as to fill a library of fat books. Yet we are astounded at the Communists and their rapid progress amongst the same neighbors. Do we not realize that one thing the Communists lack is human respect? For the sake of their empty symbol, the sickle and the hammer, they challenge the whole world. We whose symbol is the Cross of Christ, and Him Crucified on it, worry over every act and word that may set us apart from that very world!

It Is Getting Late

Dangers are growing all around us. The darkness of the night is coming ever closer. The mouth of the catacombs that will engulf us if we persist in our perverse way, is open wide. IT IS TIME TO RE-EXAMINE OUR CONSCIENCES. IT IS TIME TO SHED OUR REGARD FOR HUMAN RESPECT, WHICH HAS SO HAMPERED OUR EFFORTS OF RESTORING THE WORLD IN CHRIST.

LET US DO IT NOW . . . IT IS LATER THAN WE THINK.

LAUDAMUS TE . . .

By Catherine DeHueck

This is the story — of a Friendship House few people know—which began in the August issue of Restoration.

In that issue I spoke of saintly Archbishop Neil McNeil, without whom my dreams would not have come true. Today other people, other faces, come around the bend of my memory vivid and alive. And once more my heart fills with gratitude for their help, guidance, and understanding.

Reverend Father George Daly, Redemptorist and Founder of the Canadian Sisters of Service, is one of them. Last September 9th, he celebrated his golden jubilee. Fifty years a priest! It was my privilege to visit him a few days before this glorious and holy anniversary. Over a fragrant cup of tea in the familiar rooms of

Father had just died as a result of all the things he had to go through in the Communist Revolution. I had come for a retreat. To get used to a world in which he was no more. And I had come to Father George Daly because he had been my first Canadian friend, because he understood, and because he was always ready to help.

That was the beginning of a life-long friendship between us. Step by step he watched the progress of my life in Canada and in the U.S.A. In all crises, and there were so many in my turbulent life, he was at hand. To help, to heal, to guide.

He was one of the few to understand the strange call that led me into the slums and Friendship House. He never lost faith in the crazy

House, along with the Gospels to make their very own. It was THE SOUL OF THE APOSTOLATE, by Dom Chautard. And his directions were like it. Always toward the center of all apostolates of Christ: Prayer.

Without prayer, the Mass, mental prayer, contemplative prayer, all action was but emptiness. He taught his lessons well, for through the grace of God, I have passed them on to the coming generations of Friendship House. These generations know Fr. Carr. His name is repeated yearly, at our training center for newcomers, with love and reverence.

When the darkness of the night came to me, and the pioneers of Friendship House, and our work, seemed to be finished in Canada, Father Carr became a tower of strength again. How to repay all he has done for Friendship House. I know not. All I know is that God sent him to us when we needed him most.

ST. VERONICA



OF MILAN:†

the Sisters' Motherhouse at 4 Wesley Place, Toronto, we recalled the long, long road, so much of which we had travelled together.

I met him almost the week I arrived in Toronto. Even then he struck me with his resemblance to St. Alphonso De Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorists. Benignity was his outstanding characteristic. Benignity and a depth of understanding of human hearts.

I knew the present Motherhouse of his Sisters well. It was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Hayes, who had been so gracious to us newcomers to Canada. I danced my first Canadian dances in those spacious rooms, which today are the Chapel.

I saw the house again when a lonely novice in Father's new order was bravely studying the art of being a good religious under the tutelage of a Sister of St. Joseph. Now her companions are to be found throughout the width and breadth of Canada, and in the U.S.A. But what courage it must have taken then, to come at the first call of the priest who dreamed a great dream.

I remember the house then because I had come to it to hide my pain. My beloved

Russian, as so many others did. Whenever he could, and whenever real hunger and want knocked at our door, he gave generously, even recklessly, out of his meagre stores.

Forever and ever will his name be enshrined in my heart; and, I hope, in the hearts of all apostles of Friendship House.

Another dear friend and guide of those old days is Father Henry Carr. When I first knew him he was Superior-General of the English Basilians—well known for the schools and colleges they man so ably. Among these colleges is St. Michael's, in Toronto.

He was my first spiritual director after the foundation of Friendship House, when it still was called the Guild of our Lady of Atonement. That was when I was young, fresh, and eager. I was afraid of no man. I was ablaze with the desire for action. I was walking blithely where angels feared to tread.

How patiently, how gently, he listened to my innumerable projects. How wisely he curbed their hasty zeal. How gently he guided my steps toward the essential. I remember well the day when he handed me a book that today is given to every newcomer to Friendship

And I remember Father Fillion, S.J. He was the first Superior General of the English speaking Province of Canada, then also of Toronto. Tall and ascetic-looking, he showed me the beauty of St. Ignatius of Loyola and his ways. To strengthen one's will directed by a well-informed reason was his secret of spiritual success. His outstanding virtue was patience. His motto was, ALLOW NO HABIT TO BE YOUR MASTER. In our cherished litany of names, his is inscribed with deep affection.

Father Daly . . . Father Carr . . . Father Fillion . . . the real powers behind the early days of Friendship House.

Let us never forget them in our prayers.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page Three)

blood . . . by people who say the OUR Father or go to the Sacraments and confess that they have had distractions in their prayers! Distrust is at the bottom of it all.

Moral Infection

It would be a mighty task, indeed, to establish a credit union amongst a group of people morally infected with distrust. Credit unions de-

TUMBLEWEED

(Continued from Page Three)

this published in some European country about a woman there, he would marvel at one of the striking characters of history.

If it were fiction, it would seem too much to be true, too impossible. But it is not unreal, it is sober truth.

"Tumbleweed." What an apt title! One must have seen tumbleweeds on the western prairies, or on the plains of Texas, to realize fully what a perfect title it is. The dictionary says, "one of various plants which break off from the root, and are driven by the wind, widely scattering their seeds." Read the book, and see.

No one but Eddie Doherty could have written it. The matter he had to work on was great. An inferior workman would have failed. Eddie makes it a little gem. Catherine could not have written it herself. She could not talk about herself and describe her own greatness. Good taste, and simple, innocent, open candor, mark the book throughout, all adorned with a nice mastery of words. Last, but not least, the quiet, honest story of a mature man's love for a woman, so transparently sincere, and her love for him. No; of course, no one could have written the book but Eddie.

There is another book that should be written. It is the story of life in Russia before October, 1917. There is, of course, a little about it in the book. For me it only stimulates my appetite for more. It is true the great Russian novelists have pictured it. They saw it through their eyes. There was a reality that was seen from other points of view. Catherine saw it and knows it. Somehow I would like to see Eddie write that book too.

mand trust in the individual for or in others. Complete confidence in the honesty of fellow members. Mutual understanding. Helping one another. Pooling resources. (This gives you a faint idea why we have so few credit unions and why some of those we have are not forging ahead.)

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